

THE FORESTER'S DAUGHTER

A Romance of the Bear Tooth Range

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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CHAPTER XV.

Wayland Hears From Home.

It was almost noon of the fourth day when the supervisor called up to say that he was at the office and would reach the ranch at 6 o'clock.

"I wish you would come home at once," his wife argued, and something in her voice convinced him that he was more needed at home than in the town. "All right, mother. Hold the fort an hour, and I'll be there."

Mrs. McFarlane met him at the hitching bar, and it required but a glance for him to read in her face a troubled state of mind.

"This has been a disastrous trip for Berrie," she said after one of the hands had relieved the supervisor of his horse.

"In what way?"

She was a bit impatient. "Mrs. Belden is filling the valley with the story of Berrie's stay in camp with Mr. Norcross."

His face showed a graver line. "It couldn't be helped. The horses had to be followed, and that youngster could not do it, and, besides, I expected to get back that night. Nobody but an old snoop like Seth Belden would think evil of our girl, and, besides, Norcross is a man to be trusted."

"Of course he is, but the Beldens are ready to think evil of any one connected with us. And Cliff's assault on Wayland?"

He looked up quickly. "Assault? Did he make trouble?"

"Yes. He overtook them on the trail and would have killed Norcross if Berrie hadn't interfered. He was crazy with jealousy."

"Nash didn't say anything about any assault."

"He didn't know it. Berrie told him that Norcross fell from his horse."

"Good God! I never suspected a word of this. I didn't think he'd do that."

He fixed another penetrating look upon her face, and his voice was vibrant with anxiety as he said, "You don't think there's anything wrong?"

"No, nothing wrong, but she's profoundly in love with him. I never have seen her so wrapped up in any one. She thinks of nothing else. It scares me to see it, for I've studied him closely and I can't believe he feels the same toward her. His world is so different from ours. I don't know what to do or say. I fear she is in for a period of great unhappiness."

The return of the crew from the corral cut short this conference, and when McFarlane went in Berrie greeted him with such frank and joyous expression that all his fears vanished.

"Did you come over the high trail?" she asked.

"No, I came your way. I didn't want to take any chances of getting mired. It's still raining up there," he answered; then turned to Wayland: "Here's your mail, Norcross, a whole batch of it—and one telegram in the bunch. Hope it isn't serious."

Wayland took the bundle of letters and retired to his room, glad to escape the persistent stare of the cowhands. The dispatch was from his father and was curt and specific as a command: "Shall be in Denver on the 23d. Meet me at the Palmer House. Am on my way to California. Come prepared to join me on the trip."

With the letters unopened in his lap he sat in silent thought, profoundly troubled by the instant decision which this message demanded of him. At first glance nothing was simpler than to pack up and go. He was only a tourist in the valley, with no intention of staying, but there was Berrie! To go meant a violent end of their pleasant romance. To think of flight saddened him, and yet his better judgment was clearly on the side of going. "Much as I like her, much as I admire her, I cannot marry her. The simplest way is to frankly tell her so and go. It seems cowardly, but in the end she will be happier."

His letters carried him back into his own world. One was from Will Halliday, who was going with Professor Holman on an exploring trip up the Nile. "You must join us. Holman has promised to take you on." Another classmate wrote to know if he did not want to go into a land deal on the Gulf of Mexico. A girl asked: "Are you to be in New York this winter? I am. I've decided to go into this suffrage movement." And so, one by one, the threads which bound him to eastern city life resound his elements. After all, this Colorado outing, even though it should last two years, would only be a vacation. His real life was in the cities of the east. Charming as Berrie was, potent as she seemed, she was, after all, a fixed part of the mountain land and not to be



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taken from it. At the moment marriage with her appeared absurd.

A knock at his door and the supervisor's voice gave him a keen shock. "Come in," he called, springing to his feet with a thrill of dread, of alarm.

McFarlane entered slowly and shut the door behind him. His manner was serious and his voice gravely gentle as he said, "I hope that telegram does not call you away."

"It is from my father asking me to meet him in Denver," answered Norcross, with faltering breath. "He's on his way to California. Won't you sit down?"

The older man took a seat with quiet dignity. "Seems like a mighty fine chance, don't it? I've always wanted to see the coast. When do you plan for to pull out?"

"I haven't decided to go at all. I'm still dazed by the suddenness of it. I didn't know my father was planning this trip."

"I see. Well, before you decide to go I'd like to have a little talk with you. My daughter has told me part of what happened to you on the trail. I want to know all of it. You're young, but you've been out in the world, and you know what people can say about you and my girl. His voice became level and menacing as he added, "And I don't intend to have her put in wrong on account of you."

Norcross was quick to reply. "Nobody will dare accuse her of wrongdoing. She's a noble girl. No one will dare to criticize her for what she could not prevent."

"You don't know the Beldens. My girl's character will be on trial in every house in the county tomorrow. The Belden side of it will appear in the city papers. Sympathy will be with Clifford. Berrie will be made an issue by my enemies. They'll get me through her."

"Good Lord," exclaimed Norcross in sudden realization of the gravity of the case, "what beasts they are!"

"Moore's gang will seize upon it and work it hard," McFarlane went on, with calm insistence. "They want to bring the district forester down on me. This is a fine chance to badger me. They will make a great deal of my putting you on the roll. Our little camping trip is likely to prove a serious matter to us all."

"Surely you don't consider me at fault?"

Worried as he was, the father was just. "No, you're not to blame. No one is to blame. It all dates back to the horses quitting camp. But you've got to stand pat now for Berrie's sake."

"But what can I do? I'm at your service. What role shall I play? Tell me what to do and I will do it."

McFarlane was staggered, but he answered: "You can at least stay on the ground and help fight. This is no time to stampede."

"You're right. I'll stay, and I'll make any statement you see fit. I'll do anything that will protect Berrie."

McFarlane again looked him squarely in the eyes. "Is there an agreement between you?"

"Nothing formal—that is, I mean I admire her, and I told her"—He stopped, feeling himself on the verge of the irrevocable. "She's a splendid girl," he went on. "I like her exceedingly, but I've known her only a few weeks."

McFarlane interrupted. "Girls are flighty critters," he said sadly. "I don't know why she's taken to you so terribly strong, but she has. She doesn't seem to care what people say so long as they do not blame you. But if you should pull out you might just as well cut her heart to pieces." His voice broke, and it was a long time before he could finish. "You're not at fault—I know that—but if you can stay on a little while and make it an ounce or two easier for her and for her mother I wish you'd do it."

Wayland extended his hand impulsively. "Of course I'll stay. I never really thought of leaving." In the grip of McFarlane's hand was something warm and tender.

Berrie could not be entirely deceived. She read in her father's face a subtle change of line which she related to

something Wayland had said. "Did he tell you what was in the telegram? Has he got to go away?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes, he said it was from his father."

"What does his father want of him?"

"He's on his way to California and wants Wayland to go with him, but Wayland says he's not going."

A pang shot through Berrie's heart. "He mustn't go—he isn't able to go," she exclaimed, and her pain, her fear, came out in her sharpened, constricted tone. "I won't let him go—till he's well."

Mrs. McFarlane gently interposed. "He'll have to go, honey, if his father needs him."

"Let his father come here." She rose and, going to his door, decisively knocked. "May I come in?" she demanded rather than asked before her mother could protest. "I must see you."

Wayland opened the door, and she entered, leaving her parents facing each other in mute helplessness.

Mrs. McFarlane turned toward her husband with a face of despair. "She's ours no longer, Joe. Our time of bereavement has come."

He took her in his arms. "There, there, mother, don't cry. It can't be helped. You cut loose from your parents and came to me in just the same way. Our daughter's a grown woman and must have her own life. All we can do is to defend her against the coyotes who are busy with her name."

"But what of him, Joe, he doesn't care for her as she does for him. Can't you see that?"

"He'll do the right thing, mother; he told me he would. He knows how much depends on his staying here now, and he intends to do it."

"But in the end, Joe, after this scandal is lived down, can he—will he—marry her? And if he marries her can they live together and be happy? His way of life is so different. He can't content himself here, and she can't fit in where he belongs. It all seems hopeless to me. Wouldn't it be better for her to suffer for a little while now than to make a mistake that may last a lifetime?"

"Mebbe it would, mother, but the decision is not ours. She's too strong for us to control. She's of age, and if she comes to a full understanding of the situation she can decide the question a whole lot better than either of us."

"That's true," she sighed. "In some ways she's bigger and stronger than both of us. Sometimes I wish she were not so self-reliant."

When Wayland caught the startled look on Berrie's face he knew that she had learned from her father the contents of his telegram and that she would require an explanation.

"Are you going away?" she asked.

"Yes. At least, I must go down to Denver to see my father. I shall be gone only overnight."

"And will you tell him about our trip?" she pursued, with unflinching directness. "And about—me?"

He gave her a chair and took a seat himself before replying. "Yes, I shall tell him all about it and about you and your father and mother. He shall know how kind you've all been to me."

He said this bravely, and at the moment he meant it, but as his father's big, impassive face and cold, keen eyes came back to him his courage sank, and in spite of his firm resolution some part of his secret anxiety communicated itself to the girl, who asked many questions with intent to find out more particularly what kind of man the elder Norcross was.

Wayland's replies did not entirely reassure her. He admitted that his father was harsh and domineering in character and that he was ambitious to have his son take up and carry forward his work. "He was willing enough to have me go to college till he found I was specializing on wrong lines. Then I had to fight in order to keep my place. He's glad I'm out here, for he thinks I'm regaining my strength. But just as soon as I'm well enough he expects me to go to Chicago and take charge of the western office. Of course I don't want to do that. I'd rather work out some problem in chemistry that interests me, but I may have to give in for a time at least."

"Will your mother and sisters be with your father?"

"No, indeed! You couldn't get any one of them west of the Hudson river with a log chain. My sisters were both born in Michigan, but they want to forget it. They pretend they have forgotten it. They both have New Yorkitis. Nothing but the big hotels will do them now."

"I suppose they think we're all 'Japs' out here?"

"Oh, no, not so bad as that. But they wouldn't comprehend anything about you except your muscle. That would catch 'em. They'd worship your splendid health, just as I do. It's pitiful the way they both try to put on weight. They're always testing some new food, some new tonic. They'll do anything except exercise regularly and go to bed at 10 o'clock."

(To be continued)

BONDAGE.

"AND this is freedom!" cried the serf. "At last I tread free soil, the free air blows on me." And wild to learn the sweets of liberty.

With eager hope his bosom bounded fast. But not for naught had the long years been wasted. Habit of slavery. Among the free he still was servile, and disheartened he crept back to the old bondage of the past. Long did I bear a hard and heavy chain. Wreathed with aramant and asphodel. But through the flower breathe stole the weary pain.

I cast it off and fled, but 'twas in vain. For when once more I passed by where it fell

I took it up and bound it on again.

—Lucy White Jackson.

CHAUTAUQUA ENTERS NEW PHASE

Permanence of Parent Institution of Chautauqua Movement Now Definitely Established.

Over Quarter Million Dollars Being Spent on Plant at Chautauqua, N. Y., This Year, Making Largest Single Year's Development in History of the Movement Since 1874—New Entrances, Public Buildings, and Residences, All of Permanent Construction. City of Tents No Longer the Type to Represent the Chautauqua Idea.

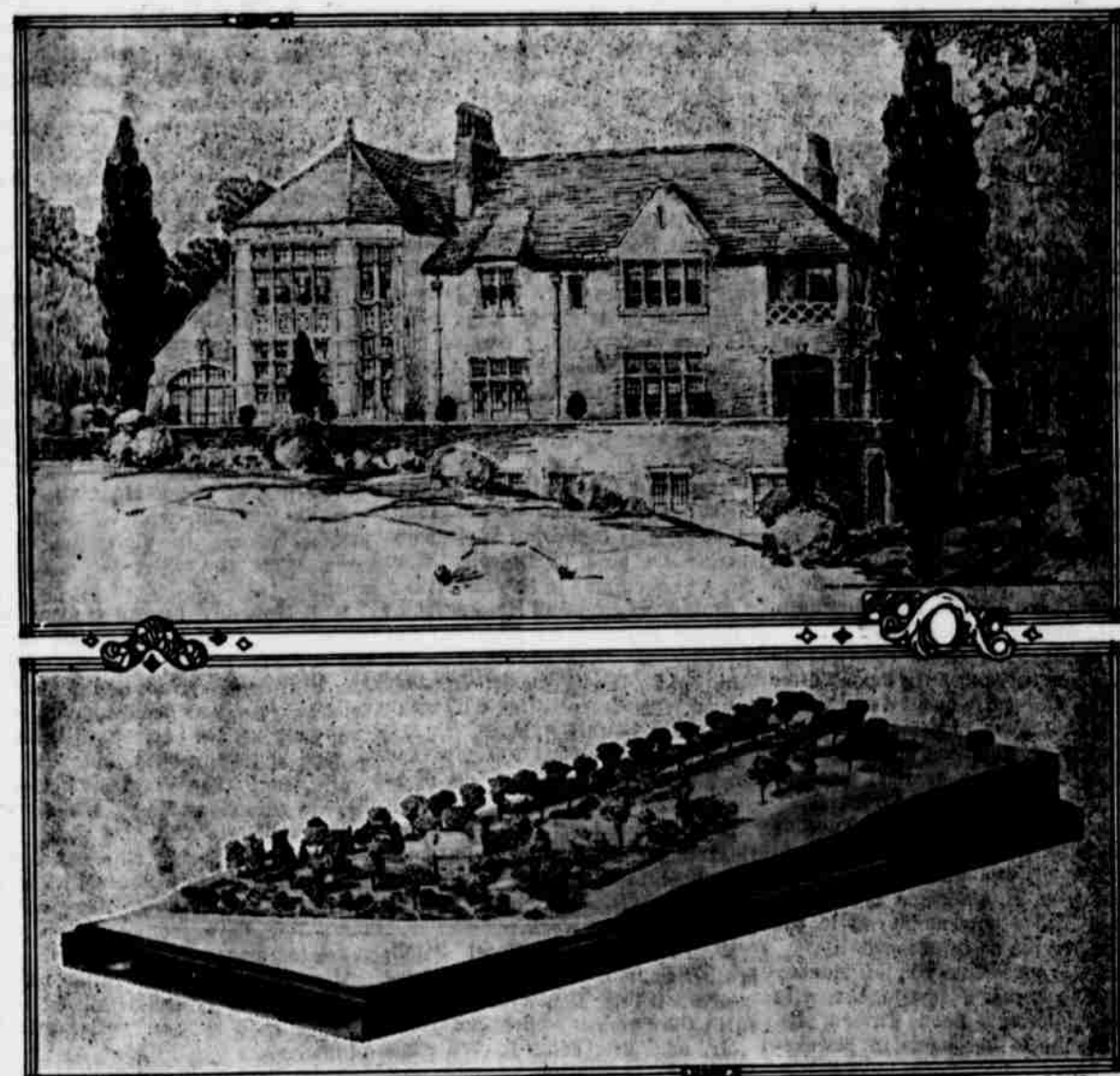
NEW developments which are going on at Chautauqua, N. Y., in buildings, approaches and transportation facilities differ greatly from the prevailing notion of a chautauqua as a transitory thing. Brick paved highways, double track interurban car lines, entrances of brick and concrete in good architectural design, landscape treatment on a broad scale, educational buildings in comprehensive groups, hotel rooms with steam heat and other like conveniences, private residences costing a fortune to build do not grow up around an enterprise of fleeting character, yet all these things are taking shape this spring at Chautauqua. The fact is that the parent institution of the Chautauqua movement, on Chautauqua Lake, has within a decade passed into a wholly new phase, the "city of tents" giving way very fast to a city that "has foundations." Electric light and power plants, gas mains, water supply and sewage systems, paved sidewalks,

volves also the double tracking of the trolley line, the laying of needed switches and the construction of a new and complete station. The plans for the station building are by Freeburg & Fidler, architects, of Jamestown, N. Y. There will be a double track in front and a switch to the rear for freight, baggage and express. The building will be 56 by 225, built of red brick, stone and concrete. The design will harmonize with the present permanent institution buildings, with red tile roof and wide, projecting eaves. The outside passenger platform will be 28 by 72, so arranged that outgoing and incoming traffic may be separated. On the inside will be the institution ticket office with incoming and outgoing passes, the exchange office, news and candy stands and the rest room for ladies. Toilet rooms, inside and outside, will be provided for both sexes. Adjoining the traction ticket office will be the baggage department with checking and transfer offices, the freight department and the express department, all to have ample platform space for

park, and the natural beauty of a stream and ravine at that point will be enhanced by planting trees and shrubs. A plaza near the station has also been reserved for park use. The planning of this addition has been done by George Y. Skinner, a specialist connected with the New York firm of Samuel Parsons & Co., landscape architects.

The Chautauqua High School, the Institution Garage and car parking place, the excellent Chautauqua golf links and the industrial center comprising repair shops of various kinds are located west of the Chautauqua enclosure on the highway and trolley line.

Chautauqua's New Water Gate. Second in importance to the improvements of the land gate at Chautauqua, now under way, is the construction of the new pier building, on the site of the old wooden structure, which was torn down last fall. The Miller Memorial Bell Tower, erected in memory of the late Lewis Miller of Akron, O., co-founder with Bishop John H. Vin-



PACKARD ESTATE ON CHAUTAUQUA LAKE, ADJOINING CHAUTAUQUA INSTITUTION GROUNDS. THIS PALATIAL NEW RESIDENCE WILL BE OCCUPIED BY ITS OWNERS THIS SUMMER. BOTTOM SECTION OF CUT SHOWS MODEL OF THE GROUNDS.

year-round office buildings of fire proof or slow burning construction are among the things that one by one have supplanted the earlier makeshifts. Over a quarter of a million dollars is just now being expended to present the assembly to 1916 visitors in its new character as a permanent institution, definitely come to stay.

The Chautauqua assembly at Chautauqua, N. Y., will this summer offer to the visitor's view two important and striking improvements in two approaches—the water gate or pier, where will enter the visitor coming by steamboat from other points on Lake Chautauqua, and the land gate, where will enter the visitor coming by trolley from any direction or by motorcar over the excellent highway which connects with the great east and west thoroughfare at Westfield, N. Y.

Chautauqua's New Land Gate.

The general highway improvement is the most extensive enterprise now under way at Chautauqua, N. Y. This has been secured by generous co-operation with Chautauqua Institution on the part of the State of New York, the county of Chautauqua and the Chautauqua Traction Company operating the electric railroad from Jamestown to Westfield. It comprises a modern passenger station, double tracking of the trolley line, a new brick paved highway and important changes in the boundaries of the Assembly enclosure.

Plans were made in 1913 by the State for the improvement of the highway. A magnificent new state road is now open through Mayville to Westfield, connecting with the great roadway east and west, known to all automobilists. The line of the highway at Chautauqua was changed and straightened and paved with brick. This change has made possible the addition of a considerable acreage to the lot and park space of the institution. It in-

loading and unloading. Work has already been begun so as to assure completion before the season opens. The cost of the structure will be some \$30,000 and incidental improvements by the Traction Company perhaps \$10,000 additional.

The institution has expended for land and buildings and for the improvements made over \$40,000. The special piece of brick highway has cost the state and county \$17,000, while the Traction Company expenditures, as just indicated, will aggregate at least \$40,000.

For a quarter of a century the water gate was the principal and almost the only entrance to Chautauqua, and it will be remembered for its natural picturesque beauty by every one who has visited the assembly during the past forty-two years. More recently, since the development of the electric railway and since the automobile has become so important a factor, the roadgate has received the larger share of visitors, yet it has had nothing to suggest the real character of Chautauqua. It has been like the railroad approach to many a town, a back door entrance, crowded and comfortable, without character or convenience.

The change in the highway and trolley line has made available to the institution a tract about 4,000 feet long, varying in width from 10 to 300 feet, or nearly thirteen acres, and brings the total area within the enclosure up to about 200 acres. The new section is laid out into eighty-eight lots and into parking. The lots thus made available for lease are somewhat larger than the older Chautauqua lots. Two of the new streets formed are named Harper and Massey avenues, to commemorate services to Chautauqua by Dr. William R. Harper of the University of Chicago and the Massey family of Toronto. In this extension about two acres have been added to the present playground

cent of Chautauqua Assembly, is an impressive enhancement of the natural charm of "the point." The new pier building, which will cost about \$10,000, will be another added ornament.

The new pier building will be a two story structure of 40 by 100 feet, with concrete columns and red tile roofing. The first floor will contain the institution ticket office, steamboat ticket office, waiting rooms, check room, baggage room and refreshment booth. The second floor will be entirely devoted to a covered promenade. A most attractive building is promised by Green & Wicks of Buffalo, the institution architects.

For the past two years there has been a marked improvement in this entire section of Chautauqua, in ground, park and cottage betterments, to which the new boat landing and water entrance will give final emphasis.

Summer Schools Growing.

The growth of summer schools throughout the country is being largely shared by the pioneer summer schools at Chautauqua, N. Y. This year's addition to the Chautauqua Summer Schools on College Hill will be in the form of two sixty foot ends added to the sides of the rectangle already well defined. When completed all the classes, comprising 3,000 students, will be provided for in this building, with the open end of the quadrangle toward the lake and "the old chestnut tree" a venerable Chautauqua landmark in the center.

It is to be hoped that friends of popular education will come forward to make possible in the immediate future the completion of this unique group of buildings which will serve as classrooms, laboratories and dormitories.

The Chautauqua Summer Schools themselves are unique in having always been self supporting. They are the oldest summer schools in the coun-

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